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Toward "Two Worlds"

TO AMERICANS Trieste has a familiar ring. It has long been in the headlines. That Adriatic port has been the symbol of conflicting territorial claims between Italy and Yugoslavia ever since the break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. At Paris it is now the chief bone of contention between Soviet Russia, who wishes to give Trieste to communist Tito, and the Anglo-Americans, who are determined that Italy shall retain the port. And in the current dispute there is a great deal more than conflicting nationalistic claims, for the accession of Trieste would complete Soviet domination of the whole Danubian Valley. And so the Council of Foreign Ministers meeting at Paris to lay the groundwork for the peace treaties always comes up against Trieste.

That the Big Three should decide to make an issue of this disagreement makes the prospect for treaty-making dark indeed. But the situation is made even gloomier by the Russian contention that the treaties be decided on and drawn up before the larger peace conference of twenty-one nations is convoked. To go into the reasons for this attitude, to ascribe it to the Soviet desire to avoid submitting the treaty terms to broader international opinion, is rather footless here. What we are trying to point out at this juncture is that Mr. Molotov is consistently unwilling to approach the complex problem of peacemaking in anything approaching a cooperative spirit. His "concessions" are nothing more than backing down on extravagant claims such as those to territory in North Africa (claims advanced in the first place for the specific purpose of being able to renounce them as a bargaining point).

Back here across the Atlantic Gromyko's tactics on the UN Security Council have proved no more constructive. The question of Iran is still unsettled. The Soviets took up day after day of presumably valuable Council time by fishing in various troubled waters; only their question of Franco Spain remains on the agenda and in the form of a special commission to show for all the fuss. The newest venture into these troubled streams is big time. It is reported that the Soviets are about to espouse the cause of the Arabs in embattled Palestine, the Moslems in India and in general of the whole Arab-Moslem world against the British. That would be tops for political Izaak Waltons.

Even presuming that all these situations be cleared up, there is no end to old sores, rival claims and subjects for violent political passions in the world. As long as Soviet Russia continues suspicious and aggressive, there will be plentiful issues for dispute at hand. In the first year since VE day the Russians have been uniformly successful in one of their main objectives: they have prevented the Security Council from accomplishing anything; they have put off the convoking of the peace conference; success has crowned their efforts at prolonging chaos and uncertainty and at solidifying their positions in many lands while the international machinery remained stalled and helpless. Meanwhile Soviet Russia has also acquired 275,000 square miles of additional territory and 25,000,000 people outright, with another 425,000 square miles and 100,000,000 people in her belt of satellites.

A number of morals could be drawn from all this. One that is most obvious is that the United States has everything to lose by the continuation of the present UN system. It is time that the American people awoke to this fact. Indeed while the UN Charter was under discussion, THE COMMONWEAL, critical of several aspects of this document, insisted that something of the sort we are now experiencing was inevitable. How the UN must be revised in the common interest or supplanted by a genuine means of collective action and security will be the subject of intense scrutiny in these pages in immediately forthcoming issues.

Millions for Defense . . .

IT WOULD seem that in recent weeks Washington has suddenly discovered a means for accomplishing what it wants accomplished in nations where we have run into things we do not like.

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This wonderful new weapon is the loan with strings attached. This method has proved so enticing that almost every day we learn of a new scheme of the sort. It began with the lending of $90,000,000 to Poland in exchange for a promise of free elections. Next we heard that General Marshall had been given an absolute veto power over our $500,000,000 loan to China, thus making it possible for him to exact whatever he sees fit from the beneficiaries of that loan. We are now informed that the State Department is anxious to get an increase in the lending powers of the Export-Import Bank, making available a possible billion dollar loan to Russia which might teach Mr. Molotov how to say yes more frequently. It has even been hinted that the Treasury, playing against the State Department, has told Mr. Blum that the French loan is dependent upon France's continuing to demand the Ruhr and the Rhineland—presumably some sort of legacy of Mr. Morgenthau's views on Germany. And so we find ourselves with a new substitute for a foreign policy—not in any sense a real substitute, but rather a psychological substitute. And we likewise find ourselves formally abandoning the principle of one of our proudest national boasts—not one cent for tribute.

Let it be said at once that there is nothing intrinsically wrong in using our financial power to promote our national interest; like any tool—as distinguished from a policy which that tool implements—dollar diplomacy is morally neutral. What matters are the ends for which we use it and the difficulties involved in its use. For this is an extremely dangerous weapon, since it can so easily turn into blackmail and hence so readily arouse the fury of those against whom it is used. In view of these dangers, from a purely practical point of view the older policy governing loans is a far safer policy and one which it is probably unwise of us to abandon—this older policy viewing the principal factor in determining whether or not a loan should be made as the effect of that loan on our own economic welfare, coupled with the probability of its being repaid.

During the debate on the loan to Britain a number of persons have suggested that we should not make this loan so long as a socialist government is in control in that country—a somewhat ironical suggestion in view of the fact that British opposition to the loan has principally been voiced by Conservatives. But the very making of such a suggestion indicates how easy it is to pervert this weapon of policy. Needless to say in the case of Britain any such proposal officially voiced would have led to instant repudiation of the whole business by a unanimous British people. But there are very few countries left in the world which at the present moment can afford the pride we showed toward the Barbary pirates. In the Far East especially is there likelihood that political strings attached to our lending of money will constitute an abuse and create a terrible grievance against us. In the case of Poland, we may perhaps have accomplished something; in the case of Russia it is doubtful that a mere billion dollars will weigh very heavily in the scale of Soviet policy.

But in addition to all this there is a practical consideration which seems to have attracted very little attention. When we extend a credit to a foreign country, precisely what does it mean? It means simply this: that we make it possible for that country to purchase an equivalent quantity of our products on our own market. We lend Russia a billion dollars, and this means that Russia can buy, in the United States, a billion dollars' worth of whatever she needs—machinery, tractors, locomotives, ships, the J. P. Morgan estate in Glen Cove or the summer lease for Mr. and Mrs. Andrei Gromyko of Mrs. Ogden Mills's handsome country house on Long Island. Now this is all very well as long as we have an adequate national production to meet our own needs and the needs of those to whom we lend the money also. But as everyone knows our present national production is nowhere sufficient to meet our own needs and is not likely to be so for many months to come. What then are these foreign nations to do with the credits we give them? All they can do is keep them on the books, either in the form of orders for delivery two, three or four years from now, or else just simply on the books in the form of figures for auditors to verify. This being in fact the situation, one may be permitted to question whether our newly found darling will long continue to be as eloquent a persuader as Washington seems to think it is. And it might likewise occur to Washington that the exports it is stimulating by means of these loans in fact diminish our national wealth—as Stuart Chase has so clearly pointed out—rather than increase it.

THE COMMONWEAL has favored the loan to Britain and continues to favor it, since on balance (taking into account the psychological factors as well as the economic and political) more can be said in favor of it than against it. We are inclined to favor any other loans which will help serve the purpose of rebuilding a shattered world. But when loans begin to be used as a sole means of enforcing an almost non-existent and always uncertain policy, we begin to be seriously alarmed and to wonder mightily.

Restoring the War-Weary to Health

THE *Wall Street Journal* recently carried an interesting account of an experiment successfully launched in England. British business leaders,

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realizing that war-weariness—or "war nerves," if you prefer—is by no means limited to those in military service, and needing to make use as efficiently as possible of all available manpower, decided that something should be done to restore employees obviously suffering from what they call "industrial sub-health" to full usefulness. They raised funds and established the Roffey Park Rehabilitation Center. Here resident physicians supervise a six weeks treatment consisting of occupational, physical and emotional therapy together with fresh air, a balanced diet and peaceful surroundings on a beautiful country estate. Since the opening of this center 1500 patients have been treated and of these 84 percent have been restored to full productive capacity. The scheme is viewed as having paid for itself handsomely, and will doubtless be expanded in months to come.

Certainly here is a constructive example set in England by the business community with thoroughgoing cooperation from government. Since the problem, though less acute, also exists in this country and is by no means limited to the period following a war, might not something similar be undertaken here, perhaps under joint management - labor - union initiative? We have already made some progress toward providing for those suffering from specific diseases and for the old. Rehabilitation of those who are nervously fatigued or emotionally unbalanced—two most frequent ailments in industrial life—has been almost completely neglected.

The Ships Will Sink or They Won't

IN FRANCE, in the years before the two wars of our times, there were some very good writers who had marched up and down, like all other Frenchmen, backwards and forwards, shoulder arms, in the mud or dust of provincial parade grounds and who, like a vast number of other Frenchmen, had intensely disliked the experience of peace-time military training.

When Jules Renard or Georges Courteline wrote about the imbecile sergeant to whose caprice they had been subjected, or about the imbecile captains, it was not like writing about a war (once a war is over no one wants to read about it any more) they had a subject that lasted forever or at least it seemed that peace-time training would last forever; and when a sergeant grew too old, or when a captain was promoted, there would be another man old enough, set in his ways enough, stupid and tyrannical enough to become a sergeant, there would be another lieutenant who had waited long enough, played billiards long enough in the provincial cafés to be made a captain.

There would also be the unending procession of Frenchmen from the countryside, the cities and the towns, entering the barracks, receiving boots too big or too small, trousers too long or too short, orders too idiotic, living in the barracks, marching, hot and cold, and smelling of sweat, and then getting out of it one day or another—and watching the new ones go in.

So that the remarkable book called "Le Train de 8 hrs. 47" kept on selling forever to men who knew what it was all about and Frenchmen through the years read Courteline enjoying the simple and natural pleasure of hearing once more about the time the captain kicked the adjutant in the pants.

The French admitted that they had to have an army and perhaps they were right, although the time came when their army did not seem to count for much because someone else had made another bigger and better army; they never admitted that they enjoyed life in the barracks. So that whenever anyone who enjoyed running the barracks, the soldiers and the army—that is to say anyone from sergeant to general—spoke about anything, it was assumed that what he said would be stupid if it were about anything except running the barracks, the soldiers or war—and even then you would have to read it twice because it would be stupid probably anyway. That is the way a great many Frenchmen felt about the military.

In this country, in peacetime, the sergeants and the generals never got in the way; we never heard what they said and so we formed no opinion; also we were never processed in barracks and so we had no unfavorable prejudice.

In this country the admirals were the boys and it does not matter how many jokes there were about their being taken for doormen. The admirals had heard about the countries we did not know; the admirals had a fleet and everywhere it went America was sure to follow; the admirals had a policy and told it to the presidents—who had a yacht. The admirals had a reputation for wisdom.

The atom bomb naturally has disturbed the admirals because now they are right back where the first fleet of rowboats or canoes started out with the neanderthal admirals wondering whether it would float or sink. The admirals are going to Bikini to see whether their fleet will float or sink.

It is enough to disturb them. It is enough to make one of them, Vice-Admiral W. H. P. Blandy, Bikini task force commander, talk like somebody in Gilbert and Sullivan if you want to be pleasant, like one of Courteline's adjutants, if you want to be sour.

Sailing for the Bikini experiment, Admiral Blandy says: "The bomb may be almost a dud or have a very efficient high-order detonation." This indeed is the innocent eye, the open mind—of the military before Nagasaki, Hiroshima.

The ships will sink, or they won't.

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No Accident!

More on the Short case

George H. Dunne

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY of San Bernardino County, California, is displeased by my article on the Short case (THE COMMONWEAL, March 1). He is, in fact, "quite amazed" that an article concerning the tragic death of Mr. and Mrs. Short and their two children should have been published. In a letter to a correspondent he paints a highly edifying picture of the zeal with which he has prosecuted the investigation of the fire which destroyed the entire Short family in their little home in Fontana. Since the date of the fire, December 16, 1945, his office, "together with the County Sheriff, the local Fire Chief, the State Fire Marshal's office and the State Attorney General's office have been united in a constant inquiry to determine the cause of the fire. . . . The entire investigation has failed to show the fire was incendiary in nature." Moreover, "Mr. Short, on his way to the hospital and after his arrival at the hospital, told everyone that the fire was accidental in nature, and in a statement to me [to the District Attorney] on December 22, 1945, again stated that the fire was an accident." Thus deponeth the District Attorney.

The District Attorney of San Bernardino County evidently believes that he has done everything that could be expected of him. Whether the record supports his belief I leave to the reader to judge.

Let us review the facts: On December 3 Mr. Short brought his family into Los Angeles from Fontana. He was deeply perturbed. He visited his lawyer and told him that he had been visited by two deputy sheriffs who told him that there had been a lot of talk about his building a home south of a so-called "base-line"—a sort of Fontana Mason-Dixon line—and advised him to take his family and move out. They said there was a tacit understanding that Negroes should stay north of the base-line. Short told his lawyer that following this disturbing experience he had been visited by the real estate agent who had sold him the five acres upon which he was building his home, who also advised him to get out. When Short expressed a disinclination to abandon his home the realtor, according to Short, warned him that he had attended a meeting of a local "vigilante" committee the night before, that the members of the committee were tough men to handle, and that he would be well advised to take the hint and move out. In response to a direct question the realtor, Short said, warned him to expect physical violence if he failed to go.

Short was interviewed by a reporter for the Los Angeles *Sentinel* which, on December 6, published an account of the warnings received by Short, giving in direct quotations Short's account of his conversation with the realtor. On the advice of his lawyer Short also reported the incidents to the FBI office in Los Angeles.

Ten days after the story was published under streamer headlines in the *Sentinel,* Short and his little family entered their home after an absence of some two hours. He lit a kerosene lantern he was using for light while waiting for electricity to be installed. He went out into the back yard, picked up a five-gallon can in which he had one gallon of kerosene, brought it into the house, started to fill the lantern.

There was an explosion, heard by the two nearest neighbors, one of them over a hundred yards away and inside her house, the other over three hundred yards away. The entire house was instantly enveloped in flames. It seemed to one of the neighbors that "there was fire everywhere" she "looked." There were "little blobs of fire all over the field" west of the house. The place was "all in flames" and it looked as if "it was all flying up in the air." The other neighbor was just stepping out on her back porch when she heard the explosion. She "glanced up," and already the Short house "was all in flames." "The whole inside seemed to be a flame of fire, leaping out and around [the house]." (The quotations are from the stenographic transcript of the testimony at the coroner's inquest.)

The extremely suspicious circumstances surrounding the tragedy are immediately evident. Even an amateur sleuth would feel impelled to direct immediate attention to the warnings and the veiled threats made to Short less than two weeks earlier. I am not a District Attorney, but if I were a District Attorney I am quite sure that the first thing I should have done would have been to find out precisely who were the people who had been doing the talking about the Negro family moving in south of the base-line, who had been

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making complaints to the deputy sheriffs, who had allegedly discussed the affair at a meeting of what had been described as a "vigilante committee." I should have called in the two deputy sheriffs and the real estate man immediately and subjected them to a merciless grilling. I should have forced them to name names and should have investigated the antecedents and the recent activities of every person named. The prosecutor's conventional technique of an undercover agent in Fontana might have produced important leads.

★

What actually was done? With stenographic copies of all the pertinent official documents on my desk I call attention to only some of the more flagrant curiosities in the handling of the case:

(1) The same two deputy sheriffs who had warned Short to move out were assigned to investigate the fire and write the official report. This scarcely requires comment. Of course, the District Attorney may submit that this matter pertains to the sheriff's office rather than to his own. But so inept an investigative method was certainly a proper subject for the immediate scrutiny of the District Attorney. However, nowhere is he on record as finding anything exceptional in this procedure.

(2) Far from interrogating the deputy sheriffs and the real estate agent, the District Attorney did not even have them testify at the coroner's inquest. Not until almost two months later at a public hearing conducted in Fontana by a deputy of the State Attorney General's office, as a result of the pressure of widespread public demand for further investigation, were these gentlemen questioned. And not even then were the deputy sheriffs asked to name the people who had been complaining to them about a Negro building a home in a forbidden district. It seemingly never occurred to the District Attorney or the Deputy Attorney General, men experienced in the investigation of crime, that such a question had any bearing upon the case. It remained for J. Robert Smith, Negro newspaper editor present at the hearing, to ask Deputy Sheriff Cornelison if he had not admitted to him, Smith, that "many people" had stopped him on the street and told him that a Negro was building a home. When Cornelison admitted it, Mr. Smith had to ask the District Attorney to get the names of these people from the witness. But then, of course, Mr. Cornelison could not remember who they were. "It was just conversation from people, they said we understand a Negro is building a place down below there, and we would get telephone calls." And that naïve evasion seemed to satisfy the District Attorney perfectly. Now Fontana is not Los Angeles. It is not even San Bernardino. It is a small town where, according to Mr. Cornelison's own testimony, everybody is on such familiar terms with him and his partner, Deputy Sheriff Joe Glines, that when someone's chickens get out of the coop they phone the deputies to run them back in. So it is placing considerable strain upon one's credulity to be asked to believe that when people stopped Mr. Cornelison on the street and complained about the Shorts, he did not know who they were or could not remember who they were or at least who some of them were.

(3) At the coroner's inquest, conducted on December 27, the District Attorney firmly, sometimes brutally, refused to admit any testimony relating to the threats. Now a coroner's inquest is not a criminal trial which must move within limits strictly defined by the rules of evidence. Hearsay, rumor, report, anything which might indicate that there is more to the case than meets the naked eye and suggest to the authorities the need for further investigation is proper evidence. It is an investigative process. Its purpose is to make a record under oath of all the circumstances while events are fresh. The verdict of a coroner's jury is evidence neither for nor against a person. In the Short case the fact of crucial importance was that briefly before the fire Short had reported that threats had been made to him of violence to come if he failed to move. Yet at the inquest the District Attorney steadfastly refused to hear any testimony on this point.

When Mr. J. Robert Smith, the newspaper editor, attempted to defend his opinion that there had been foul play by referring to the threats made to Short, the District Attorney sarcastically informed him that he did "not think the coroner's jury would be interested in anybody's opinion" and that, while "the opinion of experts is always admissible, the opinion of lay people is highly immaterial." The obvious purpose of this glib, but utterly unsound view of the nature of a coroner's inquest, was to gag Smith. When Mr. Smith persisted in his effort to call the jury's attention to the threats, the District Attorney cut him short with a little lecture in the manner of one reading a rather dull school boy a lesson. Mr. Smith, I might remark, is a very alert and highly intelligent person.

"Let me interrupt," said the District Attorney. "The purpose of a coroner's inquest, Mr. Smith, is to determine the identity of the deceased and the cause of death and legally speaking and practically speaking the coroner's jury is not interested in these things we have described as rumors and statements. Certainly the coroner's jury is not interested in anybody defending any statement whether oral or written. In other words, using a homely expression, this isn't the place to wash dirty linen."

The "dirty linen" which Mr. District Attorney did not want washed happened to be the most im-

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portant factor in the entire case. His metaphor was more apt than he seemed to realize.

Later in the proceedings, Mr. Smith asked to be recalled to the witness stand. He again attempted to call attention to the threats. The District Attorney repeatedly cut him short with the warning that unless he could connect his "so-called threats" with the starting of the fire he was not to mention them. Now obviously neither Mr. Smith nor any other witness could "connect" the threats with the starting of the fire. It was not their business to do so. It was their business to call attention to the fact that such threats had been made. It was the District Attorney's business, as public prosecutor, to try to connect the threats with the fire.

Throughout the procedings the District Attorney proceeded upon the theory that unless the witness had seen John Doe in the act of murdering the Shorts his (or her) testimony was irrelevant and that in the absence of such direct eyewitness testimony there was no evidence to suggest that a crime might have been committed.

When Mrs. Short's sister took the stand, the District Attorney treated her in a way that, under the tragic circumstances, can only be described as incredibly brutal. He was angry with her because, before taking the stand, she made a statement indicating her belief that her sister and her sister's children had been murdered. The record of his colloquy with her speaks for itself and is worth transcribing here as a sample of the spirit in which the District Attorney conducted the hearing:

Deputy Coroner: State your name.
Witness: Marian Downs.
Deputy Coroner: Where do you reside?
Witness: 3712 Cimarron Street, Los Angeles. I am a sister of Helen.
District Attorney: You say you are a sister of Helen. Who do you mean?
Witness: Helen Short.
District Attorney: In your statement made before you were sworn you referred to the murder of four people. Tell us what you know, if you know anything, about the murder of four people.
Witness: I will start from the beginning, which is the threat.
District Attorney: We want to know about the murder.
Witness: I will tell about the threat.
District Attorney: No, we want to know about the murder of four people.
Deputy Coroner: We know about the threat. [Note: an interesting admission by the Deputy—We know about the threat, but we are determined not to permit any mention of it to get into the record.]
Witness: Why wasn't it investigated?
District Attorney: You are not to ask questions, you are testifying. What I want to know, what the Attorney General wants to know, what the People want to know, is if four people were murdered and if so, by whom?
Witness: I will give my opinion. I believe so.
District Attorney: Is that all you know?
Witness: I know of the threats.
District Attorney: Do you know anything about the cause of the death of these three people, do you know anything about what caused the injury to four people, do you know anything about what caused the death of three people?
Witness: I won't answer it.
District Attorney: We have no further questions.
Witness: Why did you call me up here?

The District Attorney has referred to the published reports of two arson experts. The only really qualified arson expert who made a serious investigation was Paul Wolfe, whose professional standing is solidly established. His conclusion was quite clear. Under the conditions known to be present at the time, he says, kerosene could not possibly have exploded and could not possibly have caused the kind of fire that destroyed the Shorts and their home. "The mixture of oxygen and kerosene vapors in the can were above the explosive range and could not have supported combustion, much less an explosive mixture." Mr. Wolfe's conclusion is categoric that "an explosive liquid or vapor was present" other than kerosene. (From Mr. Wolfe's report dated February 1, 1946.) He also found evidence in the soil under the house of considerable quantities of kerosene, suggesting that someone had saturated the house with kerosene to assure a completely destructive fire. And Mr. Short told Mr. Wolfe during an interview in the hospital on January 2 that on entering the house he had detected an unusual odor. (Cf. Mr. Wolfe's testimony at open hearing of February 13, 1946, official transcript, Nos. 27-28).

The other arson expert to whom the District Attorney refers must be Lieutenant Carroll of the Los Angeles sheriff's office. (Unless, which is highly unlikely, the District Attorney is thinking of Deputy Fire Marshal Frank D. Corey who at the inquest, despite prodding by the District Attorney, steadfastly insisted that on the basis of his own investigation of the premises he could not conclude that the fire was accidental in origin.) Lieutenant Carroll's testimony appears in the record of the public hearing held in Fontana on February 13. Its whole purpose is clearly to throw doubt on some of the conclusions of Mr. Wolfe, for whose eminent qualifications Lieutenant Carroll professes great admiration, and to suggest that, after all, it might have been an accident.

Carroll's testimony is of little value. The open hearing began at 12:45 p.m. on February 13. Carroll came to Fontana from Los Angeles that same morning. He states at the outset of his testimony that he "knows nothing more about the case than what I have seen today and what I observed at the scene where the fire took place." In other words, Lieutenant Carroll visits the scene of a fire which took place almost two months previously an hour or two before the hearing at which he gives his "expert" opinion that the fire might have been an accident. And this is as much

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of an "investigation" as he conducted before drawing his conclusions or, to speak more accurately, his speculations. When my chicken coop catches fire I shall not send for Lieutenant Carroll.

Now a word about the District Attorney's claim that Mr. Short "on his way to the hospital and after his arrival at the hospital, told everyone that the fire was accidental." The District Attorney has a curious propensity for confusing the word "explosion" with the word "accident." A rather interesting example of this occurred during the quizzing to which the District Attorney subjected Mr. Short in the hospital on December 22. Mr. Short, in the midst of a grueling examination, told the District Attorney that to the best of his ability all he could say was that "it was an explosion." Mr. District Attorney, quick as a flash, substitutes "accident" for "explosion."

"That is all we want to know, if in so far as you remember it was an accident." (Reporter's transcript.) But please, Mr. District Attorney, "explosion" and "accident" are not synonyms.

And so Richard Camfield, who drove the Shorts to the hospital, testified that en route Mr. Short, answering his question about how it happened, said that he "was filling a lamp and it blew up." And Deputy Sheriff Cornelison, whose antecedent connection with the case will be recalled, stated in his report to the sheriff that Mr. Short stated at the hospital "that while he was filling a coal oil lantern at the back door of his home, the lantern exploded." Short made the same sort of remark to several nurses and to the doctor in answer to their questions. In no case did he speak of an "accident" but in each case of an "explosion." (Cf. letter of Attorney General Robert Kenney to District Attorney and Sheriff of San Bernardino, April 4, 1946). There is no other basis in the records for the District Attorney's allegation that Mr. Short "on his way to the hospital and after his arrival at the hospital, told everyone that the fire was accidental."

In none of these instances did Mr. Short say he thought it was an accident and it is clear from his conversation with Mr. Wolfe in the hospital on January 2 that he did not think it was an accident. Even if he had said "accident" rather than "explosion" (as the District Attorney was to badger him into saying on December 22) it would prove nothing. He could not be sure what happened in those horror-filled moments. Thus he evidently thought that the lantern blew up. But the fact is that the lantern did not blow up. *It was found intact,* even the glass unbroken, in the midst of the ruins the next day, not by the "zealously" investigating officers of the law who ignored its presence, but by Mr. J. Robert Smith who produced it at the coroner's inquest after notifying the Attorney General's office and the deputy sheriffs that it was in his possession.

But what of Mr. Short's statement to the District Attorney himself on December 22 "that the fire was an accident?" This is the grimmest joke of all. The stenographic report of this interview, taken down in short-hand by a court reporter who accompanied the District Attorney, was read into the evidence at the coroner's inquest. It is unfortunate that it cannot be reproduced here in full.

This was six days after the fire. Short lay in the hospital suffering from what the District Attorney himself describes as "agonizing burns." News of the death of his wife and children had been withheld from him by the doctor lest realization of the full extent of his tragedy rob him of the will to live. The District Attorney began the interview with a long and rather pompous statement about the purpose of his call during the course of which he made a casual reference to "the death of members of your [Short's] family."

Thus in this cruel fashion did Short learn of his tragedy. It is true that the District Attorney in reading the report of this conversation at the inquest expressed to the coroner's jury his regret and sense of shock and excused himself by inferentially blaming the attending physician for not having told him that Short was in ignorance of the deaths of his wife and children. But there is nothing in the stenographic report to indicate that he expressed any regret to Short. And even a novice would inquire of the attending physician of the possibility of shock to the patient before referring to the loss of his whole family.

The District Attorney then proceeds to badger, harry and harass Short, over the latter's repeated protestation that he is in no condition to make a statement at the time or even to form an opinion about the matter, for the evident purpose of wringing from his victim a statement that the fire was an accident. The record has to be read to be believed. I give here simply some of Short's answers to the District Attorney's questions, most of them long, persistent, relentless, wearying questions. They will indicate how much value attaches to the "statement" finally extorted from the brain-weary, body-tortured, heart-broken man.

> I have no knowledge of any death whatsoever resulting from this fire, and I don't see why I should be compelled to lay on a sick bed, considered at the point of death, and give an explanation of the probability that I do not have any knowledge of.
>
> [Well, as I say, I don't believe that I am compelled to make any legal statement from a sick bed here one way or the other.
>
> I am not competent to give a reply to anyone on the criminal or civil matter at this time.
>
> I do not feel like I have to [give an opinion] until I can be given the proper and legal time to give an answer and not be forced. I just don't see any reason to give any.

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I am here with my hair singed completely off of my head, with my legs practically twisted from one side to another. You don't have any regard to my position. All you want to do is to get the information that you are looking for now.

I cannot speak competently for myself, not at this time. . . . Is that fair to come in and ask a man for a reply when he knows he is incompetent?

Whether the doctors feel that I am competent or not, I feel that I am incompetent.

As I say, I talk with these girls [nurses] every day. Some times they come around and ask me about the same thing and about a half an hour later I don't remember what the answer was.

Don't you think that it would be much more adequate [to wait?] It would not be asking much that is unreasonable. . . . .

And so on at length until finally, evidently despairing of persuading the District Attorney to let him alone and clearly in the mood of one who will say anything his tormentor wants him to say if only to be left in peace, Short in reply to the District Attorney's: "Shall we leave here with your statement that the fire was caused by an accident?" wearily answers: "As far as I am concerned, sure." Sure, say anything you want but for God's sake get out and leave me alone with my tears and my heart-break and my agony.

This is the "statement" to which the District Attorney attaches so much importance. It is not worth the paper upon which it is transcribed.

Mr. Short never recovered from the shock of the news of the death of his wife and children. According to his attorney, Ivan Johnson, the superintendent of the hospital told him that after the District Attorney's visit Short showed little interest in his recovery. "From that time on," said Johnson, "Short just stopped fighting. The news had killed his spirit. I think he wanted to die." And, on January 2, Short told Mr. Wolfe that he was "so sick and tired of trouble that he did not want to live and didn't care what would happen to him."

I have just been looking at a picture of the two Short children and their mother. It is here on my desk. The young mother, Helen Short, trim, chic, lovely, smiling, happy, proud of her children encircled in her arms. The children—well, I have seen many beautiful children and of many nationalities. I have never seen two more beautiful children than Carol Ann, aged 7, and Barry, aged 9. On the edge of the portrait, Barry with his arm around Carol Ann's shoulder, is inscribed "Love to . . ." I cannot make out the rest. To Mother? To Daddy? To Aunt Marian? I do not know.

This I do know: that the investigation has been flagrantly and woefully inadequate. That is the most charitable thing that can be said of it. All the energies of officialdom were centered upon the effort to establish that it "could have been an accident." Despite his best efforts the District Attorney was unable to remove the doubt, even from the minds of the coroner's jurors who, contrary to what I erroneously reported in my previous article (where I said the verdict was "accidental death") brought in a verdict of death from fire "of unknown origin." Even they were not satisfied. Evidently the District Attorney was.

Had the District Attorney been Counsel for the Defense, defending the people of Fontana or certain people in Fontana from the suspicion of murder, his methods would be understandable.

★

Just a footnote to the story: The District Attorney was nettled by any talk about the existence of a "vigilante committee" in Fontana. At the open hearing of February 13, the real estate man (whom the Los Angeles *Sentinel* reported ten days before the fire to have told Short that he attended a meeting of such a committee) insisted, without batting an eye, that there wasn't "any such animal." And of course nobody else had ever heard of such a thing. It is interesting that a couple of weeks ago, after the fiery cross began to burn in Big Bear, which is also in the District Attorney's bailiwick and just a few miles from Fontana, the Attorney General's investigators uncovered widespread Klan activity in San Bernardino County, complete with verified facts about the intimidation of Negroes, Jews and an Italian family.

Of course I have been told that my story in THE COMMONWEAL has hurt San Bernardino County and that "the people down there are quite mad." That's a fine thing, if they get mad at the right people with a righteous, burning anger. It has also been pointed out to me, reproachfully, that the District Attorney and the Sheriff are Catholics. The Shorts were Catholics. It would make no difference if they had been Hottentots.

Poems on Postcards

Lemmings

Mass psychology moves the lemmings
Who never pause on ocean's brink:
They do no hawings and no hemmings
But plunge, and swim until they sink.

People like that, their name is legion,
But I think they belong to a region
More American than Norwegian.

Poker Face

ENERGY, when interviewed,
Men's anxiety pooh-poohed:—

I'm not going to beat my gums
If they do it their or *my way*—
They can perish wholesale by atom bombs,
Or, retail, on the highway.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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What I Saw in France

Personal testimony to a great revival

Claire Huchet Bishop

I LANDED in France, in a small provincial town. "Too bad," said the family, "that you did not arrive one day sooner. We had one of the ecumenical gatherings last night. A dozen people or so, the Protestant minister, the pastor of the Cathedral, some professors of physics and philosophy from the university, a painter, a physician, a gardener and other Catholic and Protestant laymen. Before we parted, the minister, who was that evening chairman of the meeting, asked the pastor to lead us in communal prayer with the 'Our Father.' The pastor said, 'Gladly. I know you Protestants say *Thou* to Our Father. Would you like me to do the same?' 'As you please,' said the minister. 'It is all the same,' said the pastor. 'The same Father. So I shall say *Thou*. And if you wish, you can finish with 'For Thine is the Kingdom . . . which you Protestants use in common with the Greek Church.' "

Such was my introduction not only to the movement for Christian unity in France but to the whole spiritual upheaval which is rocking France, as I can testify, throughout all the strata of society. It is vital, powerful, deep and dynamic. An apostolic age is sweeping the country. War, five years of occupation, the horrors of the Gestapo and the concentration camps have brought to light the untrimmed and untrammeled personality of everyone. For better and worse. A whole host of people have slid back to unabashed paganism. The very hope being that it is frank paganism, not covered up. The other part of the population has re-discovered Christianity. An unsentimental, stark, burning Christianity. Suddenly centuries are abolished, and Saint Paul is with us, and Saint Stephen and Saint Felicity. We do not "think" about them. They are with us, we are with them, in an almost unbearable communion, as we all gather around the altar which has been taken down, brought near the communion rail, dining table of Holy Thursday, ageless.

The priest faces the people. He pronounces every word distinctly, and all answer, distinctly, full voice. A directness, a virility, an heroic and cool concentration. A reader among the faithful gets up and reads in French the Introit, the Epistle, the Gospel, the Offertory, the Communion and Post Communion. "Domine non sum dignus . . ." each one of us says it aloud, in his own way, with his whole self, but the fervor blends us all and brings us all, in one sweep, all together, to the Communion table. In France the Church is no longer only a means of working out one's own salvation, egoistically, through sickening sweet devotions. It is a springboard from which Christians go out into the world to bring Christ everywhere, to be other Christs. The watchword is: "Let this be our way of being known. Not by practice and devotion, not by *not* doing this or that. But let it be said of us: 'See how they love one another.' "

Some may think that the Church is trying to win back the working class which she let slip away during the nineteenth century. But the fact is that the initiative comes as much from the faithful as from the clergy. The faithful go to the bishops and *demand* reforms and positive action. It is the pressure of the faithful acting on the hierarchy which makes the venerable vessel crack, shudder and take to sea boldly with a diesel engine.

★

There are many channels for this active Christianity. Within the bounds of an article they can only be mentioned. The prewar movements of the JOC, JAC and JEC are still going strong. They did unusual work during the war. Especially the JOC. Among the *requis* in Germany, there were Jocistes who managed to be militant Christians in the factories, and helped the priests who had come incognito, as French workmen. For many of them it ended badly. The Gestapo would not have any militant Christian among the workers. They explained over and over again that Christianity was the only power which could compete with nazism, and, consequently could not be tolerated. For many militants it ended in prison, deportation, concentration camps, death.

I attended, in a provincial town, a Mass for the deportees who had died in Germany. A small chapel. Everyone who came was in mourning. The young priest who officiated said: "A year ago I was working with my men in one of the tunnels for the rockets. We had only our striped cotton suits. It was below 32. We sabotaged

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as much as we could. At midnight, at Christmas, I managed to give Communion to my companions. I had heard them in confession as we went on working. I kept the Host in a tiny tin box. At inspection I always managed to slip the box to the man who had just stripped before me and was dressing. It was never found. That Christmas of 1944, in that rocket tunnel, with the German guards around us, we felt boundlessly free. Christ was with us, right in that tunnel, and we knew there was victory though we be dead." And he added bluntly and forcefully: "Please come up, close, all of you, and let us *all* celebrate Mass. That we may not lose that which we deportees, prisoners, requis, found again: the Church of the bold, the martyrs, the saints."

And so it is. They say they are "Christian shock troops." That France is a place which needs missionaries. That the whole world needs missionaries, missionaries of the Spirit, continuing the Incarnation right in this world, in the factory, in the office, at home. Not by preaching, but by burning zeal and love for Christ. "We should say 'I believe in Jesus Christ' with the same impudence that Raymond says 'I believe in money,' Ilia 'I believe in Stalin' or the SS 'I believe in my führer.' Either we shall get out of a narrow and shut-up Christianity, a ghetto, and shall boldly testify of Christ, or else we shall disappear." (Perrin. "Journal d'un Prêtre-Ouvrier en Allemagne.")

And they do testify: boldly, singly and together, for they say that communal action is paramount in Christian life. That there is no Christian life without a communal spirit. Mass is the center of all Christian life in common. "For generations," says the First National liturgical convention in September, 1945, "Christians have been taught morals, dogma, but no one has thought to make it alive. They forget to teach them to put Christ in their lives. . . . Too often the priest seems able to do without the faithful. . . . Christians should (1) live their Mass, (2) live of their Mass, (3) make others live of their Mass."

And the clergy adds frankly, "The Mass is boring. Deadly. We ask why people don't come. We should ask why they come at all: you cannot see anything, you cannot hear anything, the people don't say anything, don't do anything. . . . The people should participate, actively, through their eyes, their lips, their ears, their gestures." ("Congrès de St. Flour," Editions du Cerf.)

There are priests who choose to go all over France "explaining" the Mass. Usually it lasts a week in each town. Every evening at 8:30 the church is full. Catholics, Protestants, atheists crowd the church. The missionary priest trains the children of the town to help him. They are the ones who will, one evening, reenact the first Mass, dressed in Jewish costumes, as of Easter 33; then the second evening, the Roman people, Easter 220, etc. "Our Mass Taken Apart, Facing the People." Such is the title. During the week everything is explained: historically, how it came to be, the meaning of the ornaments, the things used, the participation of the faithful. It is all done not only with apostolic zeal but with modern teaching methods and breathless artistic perfection. Some people are fearful that it will turn out to be a little ridiculous, this "Mass Taken Apart," and the children acting right in the Church as in a theatre. But though it is direct and simple, it does not depart from dignity, and the seriousness of the ten-year-old children puts many adults to shame. Once the liturgical week is over the missionary priest leaves. But it has been sufficient. Faithful and priests want to go on. The altar is brought down near the communion rail, the priest faces the people, the people the priest: "We, your priest, and we, your people, *we* offer. . . ." Gone the mute ceremony with the priest far away, mumbling, his back turned.

★

I had been to some dialogue Masses, with the priest facing the people, in churches which might be dubbed "bourgeois." I said to a Dominican that I feared active participation was impossible among less educated people, and that if so, the whole liturgical movement had no point. He strongly agreed with me that unless it could bring back a living Christianity among workmen, it was a failure. But he added: "Already, at the beginning, it is full of promise. You are enthusiastic over what you saw in 'bourgeois' churches. But why don't you try the red belt of Paris? It is ten times more inspiring."

I called up Abbé Michonneau of Colombes. "What time is Mass on Sunday?" "8 o'clock." It was far! "Any other Masses?" "Yes!" said a scolding voice, "9 and 11. For sleepy people. You ought to come at 8." I did. It was pouring rain and cold. The church stood in the midst of a muddy plot surrounded by very poor dwellings, many of them tumbling down. Everyone went in briskly. Lots of workmen, children, housewives. In the light of the single candle (no candles left in France) I saw the altar facing the people, and as decoration on either side two beautiful carpenter's planes. Back of the altar, where there is usually a cross or a picture, was an imitation of stained glass in what looked like cellophane, showing a map of Colombes, and, above it, a boat, like some paper boat boys sail down a gutter, and in it Our Lady and the Child sitting very erect and graceful and so very familiar. On each chair was a battered

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copy of a missal called "Life of Christ Within Us," by the Abbé Godin who did so much for the workers before he died. The whole short preface of that missal should be quoted. "What it means to be a Christian." Sufficient to say that when you have read it, whether you are a mechanic or a plumber or a rag collector, you must know that Christianity is for you, just exactly for you, as it was 2,000 years ago, much more accessible to the fishermen and the tax collector than to the learned and the rich. In that poor church of Colombes, crowded among the workers who nearly shouted the answers to the priest and bawled out gay popular tunes, I thanked God passionately that I was one with them all, and when we all surged to the communion table, it was indeed a communion, not only of each one of us to Christ, but of each one with all, through Christ, a sacred meal taken together, a eucharist enacted together. The "together" as at least as important as the individual act. In the pulpit Abbé Michonneau apostrophized his parishioners: "You don't know how to listen. *Look* at me! *Think!* Why don't you laugh when I say something funny?" Now he has a public as responsive as theater-goers in France. And still it remains respectful. But the intensity of the participation is grandiose. I mean to use that word for that church, that poor church of Colombes, full to the brim with imperishable wealth.

There are many other Colombes. All over France. "We should not forget," says Father Duployé, "that in this liturgical movement we are heirs. The history of the liturgical movement in France, in Belgium, in Germany, shows that the movement is closely connected with the sure and uncompromising Catholic thought and work of Dom Guéranger, Abbot of Solesmes." The active faithful obtain what they ask for: no money for seats, one collection only, marriages performed jointly, only one "class" for them, one "class" for funerals. Certain priests and religious have been authorized to take up some manual work and live like workers among workers, in order to be witnesses in the world. Also there are priests who gather together, usually two or three, take a given place in the country as center and circulate from there, on bicycle or motorcycle, coming back "home" at night. This ends the tragic life of the lonely country priest which Bernanos made known to us.

★

So many things are going on among Christians, both clergy and laymen, that it is impossible to speak of it all here. But though on a somewhat different plane, "The Great Return" should be mentioned. Three statues of the Blessed Virgin are carried all over France from parish to parish, handed over from village to village. And on all the village and town roads of France there are thousands of people kneeling and praying. Our Protestant brothers have raised the cry of "Idolatry." Why not admit that there may be some? What is important is first that under the pressure of the people themselves the civic authorities have had to close their eyes and let the processions proceed everywhere. Second that the coming of the statues implies a preparation not only material but spiritual for the whole community. Third that when you see the butcher, the blacksmith and the best marksman of the village carrying Our Lady through the streets, it does something to you, and the fact also that it is again the communal spirit which prevails—everyone out together, kneeling in the streets and saying together the same prayers. That sort of thing answers the need of the man of today, a life in common.

There is no need arguing with our Protestant brothers and renewing the sixteenth century quarrel of the images. Neither French Protestants nor Catholics want to do it. Now in France they work shoulder to shoulder. They are always in each other's back yard so to speak, talking things over, but mostly knowing and demonstrating that they are *one* Christian community. That is all they want to know. Spiritual unity. How it will manifest itself secularly, when enough prayers, sacrifices and works have been accomplished, nobody knows, and no one wants to predict. It will come, manifest itself, as a ripe fruit falls off a tree. Meanwhile there is a give and take, a friendliness developed between the active faithful of the Catholic, Protestant and Orthodox churches in France. It has been suggested that the anniversary of the Saint Bartholomew massacre be made a day of penance and prayer in Catholic churches.

There are many publications with lots of beautiful photographs for the laymen regarding the festivals of the year, participation at Mass, the life of a Christian everywhere. The weekly paper *Tèmoignage Chrétien,* which was an underground paper during the occupation, continues to uphold justice, free speech and liberty for all as Christian heritage. The Protestant weekly *Reforme* does the same for a somewhat more cultured public. The whole of spiritual France is boiling over, not with fanciful imagination, but with a determination which might almost be called grim, were it not illuminated by a glowing faith which radiates from worn-out faces like a challenge.

They say, the French, in their usual intransigent truthfulness: "France is rotten. Moral gangrene everywhere. Five years of occupation. Black marketing. Profiteers. Everyone corrupted more or less." "Oh Lord!" said the priest kneeling with the people after Mass, in an extemporaneous thanksgiving, "Oh Lord! You know. We are no good. It has become almost impos-

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sible to be decent. All the protective rails of morality have broken down. We have come to know face to face the abjectness of man. And I, and all here present, we know our own abjectness, every day. But Lord, we love You. We do. With our bodies, with our intelligences, with our hearts. We want to bring You everywhere, we who are part of You, members, through Your grace. We are working with you, You are at work with us. We are all workers together, You, Christ, and we. All together. One."

Let everyone wait and trust: France is still the eldest daughter of the Church. Already she points the way.

The Stage & Screen

Henry IV, Parts I and II

TICKET lines have been seen on Broadway before this but it is hard to remember a longer steadier one than that running right round the block towards the New Century (managers please note). In its first week on the street the Old Vic has dealt in Shakespeare and for the out-of-town (out-of-luck), it seems fair to attempt as complete a description as possible. The company, a repertory one, stars no one although a certain emphasis deservedly falls on Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson whose all-over work, films and stage, has already earned them a transatlantic public. Nevertheless here, even though they have drawn the plums of Hotspur and Falstaff respectively, these two are securely challenged by the ensemble, and I think it is unquestionably due to John Burrell's direction that the business can rarely be divided into single performances, must, more honestly, be discussed by scenes. Certainly one can say that our comparative unfamiliarity with this work, even with the enchanting Part I, causes the chief stress to be laid upon the play rather than its interpretation or production. But I do not honestly feel that any extension of curiosity on the part of an audience can be held responsible for the coherence of a show, and it seems to me that the astonishing coherence of this one can be traced to a kind of novel *untheatricality* of attack. Here, of course, we are in a mess of definition; for, if a thing is untheatrical, what is it doing in a theater at all? The term is useless. Nevertheless, it still seems to me the only way to describe the antithesis of our own worn method of work with the classics. Granted that our most promoted directors, designers and stars must begin somehow with the script (a Shakespeare one, for example) what generally emerges is a Shakespeare so bolstered by exterior idea, so styled and interpreted that a constant quarrel of attention is set up between the lines and the chosen architecture, business and trapping. Nothing is direct. The question of authenticity never really enters this process, as authenticity consists generally of one part document and three parts theory—doubtless there even exists a theory for a sober Falstaff. And yet there is a certain interior authenticity the process kills: the authenticity of life. For, where all is exactly gestured, who can act? where all is precisely pitched, who can breathe? It is this ultimate authenticity I think Mr. Burrell and the company have confidently grasped and I think they have done so using no exterior means whatsoever. As short and infrequent as Shakespeare's stage directions always are (in these as in all the other plays) I think not one has been ignored, fiddled, or marvelously augmented. In other words, when a progress is indicated, a progress is shown; where none is marked, none occurs. There are neither dances nor reels; no diversions; no unmotivated crisscross. Most of all, no abominable susurration of extra people (*gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, hiss!*). Rare stuff, indeed.

The result of this *naturalistic* (I suppose it must be called) method of staging is indivisibly the plays—thrilling, moving, occasionally archaically tedious, but surely presenting a great sweep of life, impelled rather than planned. It is true the wonderfully attractive Hotspur scenes have, by virtue of character ("altogether governed by humours") a chief variety, hurling as they do from lightning to stammer and back again. But here, even the overlong, admittedly padded tavern toils of Part II have an absorbing range. Accenting the exhaustion as well as the inspiration of the drinkers, the tumults of these portions are no more important than the pauses. Certainly not the least (*naturally*) dramatic moment will be when all on stage and all in the house sit and stare into the fire on Mistress Quickly's hearth in necessary silence—for a necessary time. Mr. Richardson's "Old Jack" maintains the balance between these tensions perfectly, although I must admit there were moments when I felt his bright red woolen legs must concede—even before they did. Assisted by Joyce Redman's Doll Tearsheet—surely the loudest, promptest, most flexible bawd ever accomplished—his roaring rout of Pistol at the Boar's-head is a wondrous sight. But this is easily matched by the details of his "honor" speech where he seems as innocently surprised by his own deplorable logic as he is pleased by it; and by the pathos of his end. The roundest man ever drawn, he is played as such.

Among the rest, I must choose all of Hotspur, particularly the death, and, again particularly, the two lady scenes where, together with Margaret Leighton, all is played to a degree of lightness and intimacy that is breathtaking. Mr. Olivier has indeed the stature of the man. There are times when he breaks into an Alfred Lunt "break" of voice, and others when he cannot be heard, but he has ease, command, sensibility. (His inarticulateness, by the way, is shared by the entire company and must surely be fixed.) And, following the list, Nicholas Hannen's King, Ena Burrill's Hostess, Michael Raghan's Bardolph, Peter Copley's Morton, Miles Malleson's Master Silence: all fine. The enduring childishness of Michael Warre's Prince Hal seemed to me an inconsistency, even for that inconsistent rôle. On the pictorial and musical end, I thought Herbert Menges's music as precisely incidental as it should have been: sometimes

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preparatory, most often an accompaniment; and Gower Parks's simple system of heraldic drapes and steps, plus the muted colors of Roger Furse's velvets and traps, followed the general line of support rather than startle. John Sullivan's lighting I felt often over-melodramatic, not sufficiently diffused, hampering to players and house.

I expect all this could be called a new fashion in Shakespeare, but I do not think it is a fashion at all. It seems to me to be it. (*At the New Century.*)

On Whitman Avenue

IT IS truly difficult to know what more the serious stage can do about the nation's racial problem. Until all men are heroed, or at least awakened, or at most atom-bombed, the dramatic possibilities of the disgrace seem to me only capable of repetition. But perhaps this in itself is a service, although one not easily assumed by art. The chief service of Maxine Wood's present offering on the theme is the reduction of responsibility to the size of everyman (woman and child), a right and just procedure. But unfortunately the thing is embarrassingly overwritten, and embarrassingly overplayed by Canada Lee in the main part. The saga of a colored family's defeated attempt to secure a decent home—on Whitman Avenue, white neighborhood—the play should have been workable and is occasionally moving. But the primary motivation—the liberal college daughter of the chosen house simply rents the top floor to Negroes during her parents' absence—seems entirely contrived. And the acting, with the exception of Perry Wilson as the girl and Will Geer as the father, is poor indeed. (*At the Cort.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Violence with a Vehemence

MYSTERY MOVIES these days stress violence in all its sinister aspects as much as they do murder itself. In fact brutality is a greater center of interest in a couple of new items than the mystery. In *"The Blue Dahlia,"* Alan Ladd gives and takes several terrific beatings before the crime is solved. There's even an extra episode thrown in, in which Ladd as a discharged veteran tangles with a couple of thugs who attempt to shake him down while finding him a room. Practically everyone in the cast is suspect as the missing murderer, everyone except the police captain (played with straightforward honesty by Tom Powers); but ever since "The Bat" the wise murder-mystery fan even considers the detective with suspicion.

The film's opening scenes indicate cynically and firmly that a man fresh out of uniform shouldn't walk in on his wife unannounced. Ladd does, and is greatly shocked to find that she is not the faithful little woman he thought he left behind. The script (written by Raymond Chandler and very hard-boiled throughout) paints this tramp in strong colors; and Doris Dowling's portrayal makes her inhumanly vicious. Her murderer could be any one of the characters involved in this interesting though unlikely story: the husband (handsome Ladd, still playing the perturbed hero of "This Gun for Hire"); his buddy (Wil-

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liam Bendix) who feels keenly for Ladd and has mental "blackouts" due to a steel plate in his head; the owner of the Blue Dahlia night club (Howard da Silva) whose relations with the dead woman were more incriminating than just an "affair"; this man's estranged wife (Veronica Lake); the hotel detective (Will Wright), referred to as a "house peeper," who tries to blackmail everyone who has a nickel left and isn't dead. George Marshall's swiftly paced direction helps to hold your interest when the plot bogs down. Weather note: the murder occurs on a foul night and when it rains in California it pours.

"The Dark Corner," in which the hero of the picture of that title finds himself, is very dark and gloomy, thanks to some swell photography, authentic New York night sets and a plot (based on a story by Leo Rosten) that keeps you on edge even though you can't quite follow all its whys and wherefores. Henry Hathaway's good direction and an attractive cast help a lot too—although from time to time you wish that the complicated script would clear things up instead of trying to be elliptical. Backed up in the dark corner, and, as he puts it, "very much behind the eight ball," is Galt (Mark Stevens), a private investigator who was once railroaded to prison and is likely to land there again through the vicious machinations of the villain. But he doesn't know who's hitting him.

With considerable assistance from his secretary (Lucille Ball), Galt follows various chains of evidence that introduce a strange assortment of people, some pretty fancy, some thoroughly disreputable: a bruiser in a white suit (William Bendix) hired by a classy art dealer (Clifton Webb) whose young wife (lovely newcomer Cathy Downs) is two-timing him with the suave rat (Kurt Kreuger) who framed Galt years ago. Again the story is one of more violence than mystery, and is embellished with tingling suspense heightened by cruel sluggings and the pseudo-sophisticated tone of the glittering art world dominated by Clifton Webb looking down his nose as he sneers bon mots. If you liked "Laura," this picture is right up your alley.

Also set in New York, but using a more conventional plot is *"Murder in the Music Hall."* The star of an ice show (Vera Hruba Ralston) finds herself strongly suspected of murder, so she and her orchestra-leader boy friend (William Marshall) set out to track down clues. The picture's suspense and incidents in themselves are absorbing, but unfortunately the solution to the crime is weak and motivations seem silly. We are, however, treated to some unusually good ice numbers which fit well into the plot. Helen Walker, Ann Rutherford and Julie Bishop work with Miss Ralston supposedly as fellow skaters, while Jerome Cowan and Nancy Kelly, as a columnist and his wife, get involved through their shenanigans with the murdered man. The New York atmosphere is convincing enough, but somehow we just can't believe that all this could happen on stage and around town during the course of one performance—even including intermissions.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

General Eisenhower

JOHN BRODERICK

ONE OF the photographs in Captain Harry Butcher's diary about General Eisenhower* is a group picture of the General and his staff taken in his office at 20 Grosvenor Square during the summer of 1942, shortly after the Americans had set up shop in London. Nearly everyone in the picture is grinning away for all he is worth, looking very much like the members of a nice middle class family who have suddenly found themselves with a lot of money but have not yet managed to pick up the public chic necessary in their new position.

I saw General Eisenhower only once, at a news conference in the briefing room for war correspondents at the Hotel Scribe in Paris, nearly three years after the humble beginnings at Grosvenor Square. It was an afternoon late in March, 1945, and his position in the world at that moment was certainly unique. By that time he had survived and retained his sanity through three years littered with plans, decisions, personalities, a half-dozen amphibious invasions, and the embarrassments of Anzio and the German counter-offensive in the Ardennes. Those three years had spiraled to a climax earlier in the month when his soldiers had completed the ruin of the Germans west of the Rhine and then burst through the final continental hoodoo by taking the bridge at Remagen.

The war correspondents were out in very great strength that afternoon at the Scribe, and it was interesting to watch those strident but apparently necessary travelers undergo a proper charming at the hands of the Kansas general who, through practice and good sense, had developed his rare mating of homespun qualities with articulation until he lodged in the minds of most citizens of the United States and her Western Allies as the embodiment of everything fine and virtuous in the united cause. Captain Butcher remembers that press conference and includes a transcript of it in his diary as an example of the General at his best. He says the meeting was a peach.

Captain Butcher's diary, which he kept (at General Eisenhower's suggestion) nearly every day of the three years he served as the Supreme Commander's naval aide, follows the growth of the Eisenhower legend from Grosvenor Square in the summer of 1942 all the way to the Washington victory parade in June, 1945. It is a record of one of the most elaborate American success stories; and although General Eisenhower may fall a bit short of all Captain Butcher says he is, I believe his accomplishments in the most self-conscious of all wars are solid enough to sustain the legend. In this diary he appears as both chairman of the board and tactical commander. Even if it is argued that his relation to tactics in the field was remote, it remains true that he managed, somehow, to hold his share of the Allied military-political fibers steadily enough to present a comprehensible picture to a public (especially American) long maintained in a state of near-hysteria by a violent and hasty press.

* My Three Years with Eisenhower. S. & S. $5.00.

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War is something like big business; interesting, perhaps even romantic, if you happen to be around the front office, but very painful and discouraging if your time is spent at the platoon level. Captain Butcher experienced the war against the European axis within hearing distance of General Eisenhower, and his account of what happened up there is an exciting, temperate compilation of ancedotal flora and fauna with a minimum of political and military afterthinking, and a good word for nearly everybody. It seems to me that Captain Butcher's reaction to his dazzling surroundings was what we like to think of as typically American. The Captain is apparently a sanguine, fairly successful young radio executive with a healthy liking for people, poker, cigars, and a few drinks who suddenly found himself mixing in high history. And like his boss, he found that, in the interest of a most important object, he could like or at least get along with such delicately strung egos as DeGaulle, Montgomery, Giraud, and Sergeant Bill Mauldin. Somewhere in the course of his 876-page diary Captain Butcher finds occasion to mention nearly all publicized members of the Allied cast in Europe from Winston Churchill to General Eisenhower's chauffeur, and in all his encounters I recall only one unalleviated bit of nastiness: a biting description of (then Colonel) David Sarnoff in the act of giving liberal advice on SHAEF public relations problems (Captain Butcher's main preoccupation at that moment) while waiting comfortably in a Paris hotel lobby for return to the United States, complete with the Legion of Merit and an impressive bundle of lingerie for members of his family.

Now, although Captain Butcher's attitude toward people and events is mainly positive, he is not uncritical and, naturally, there were some people he liked more than others. He is, for example, a Patton fan, and he is partial to Air Chief Marshal Tedder, to Admiral Sir Andrew Browne Cunningham, to General Spaatz, and to General Walter Bedell Smith. His reaction to that controversial fellow, Mr. Winston Churchill, whose heavy shadow falls over many entries in the diary, is especially interesting. Many times Captain Butcher states that he and General Eisenhower consider "the Prime" a remarkable person, but I have the final impression that the Captain considered Mr. Churchill a knowing politician who had an exasperating tendency to interfere with the working generals in an attempt to make history conform to the glorious pattern of his own rhetoric. As in all writings about the European war, many of Captain Butcher's best anecdotes originate around Mr. Churchill.

The controversial episodes of our union with the British generals and politicians aren't ignored in this diary; and there is information for those who are mainly curious about sideshows like the differences between the air and ground commanders; the removal of generals for various forms of inefficiency; or the undignified disturbances that swirled in the neighborhood of General George Patton.

However, many people may not like Captain Butcher's story of what happened during periods of strain and difficulty, feeling that he has not done full duty to history and the public by his cheerful and possibly incomplete treatment of these affairs. When one of these disturbances came up Captain Butcher wrote about it in a calm and fairly general way, summarized the important exchanges (usually between General Eisenhower and someone else), duly recorded the solution, and then passed on to other matters, indicating that everything eventually worked out well and the Allied war effort moved ahead. This may disappoint members of that large public who have been taught that a close examination of great events in history reveals very little besides gaudy blunders and the comforting lesson that nearly all honored leaders were inept zanies whose accomplishments were the result of enormous chance. Certainly Captain Butcher has not put in his diary every unpleasant remark he ever heard one important national make about another, but he probably felt that only an eagle scout would be amazed to learn that the launching of an undertaking like OPERATION OVERLORD was often accompanied by a considerable amount of bickering, jealousy, and cross-purpose amongst the directors. And though there may be some regret that a more reflective and less genial man wasn't one of the chief witnesses to things like the Darlan incident; the dealings with the almost intractable Montgomery; or Winston Churchill's attempt to prevent the invasion of southern France, it would be surprising had an aide to the general whose reputation rests largely on his ability to cooperate and somehow move matters ahead appeared as a prophet in the literary club dedicated to disenchanting the public about Allied cooperation and direction of the European war. Captain Butcher's credentials are extraordinary, so it will be difficult to dislodge him in the publishing free-for-all over conduct of the war in the top echelons. A lot of people saw parts of the war from one angle or another, but the ones who had as continuous and elevated a view as Captain Butcher enjoyed are not numerous at all.

None of this diary is dull, yet there are noticeable lacunae in Captain Butcher's report on the last nine months of the war. Most of that period he spent in the less rarified company of press and radio representatives in an attempt to provide those people with satisfactory communication facilities between SHAEF and their home offices. Consequently, the quality of gossip falls off and Captain Butcher's knowledge of major affairs is sustained mainly by summary and an occasional meeting with General Eisenhower. However, he manages to be present for the kill at Rheims and the later full-dress surrender ceremony put on by the Russians at Berlin.

I would nominate the first three hundred pages of this diary as the most exciting. Those pages are Captain Butcher's record of the early hesitant, then enthusiastic, meetings between General Eisenhower's Americans and their syntactically elegant British partners: the planning for OPERATION TORCH (the invasion of North Africa); then the invasion of Africa itself followed by the stumbling, amateurish campaign that led to the first victory over the European enemies. The account of Mr. Murphy's maneuvering through the dark, uncertain world of North African politics and General Mark Clark's midnight rendezvous make first-class adventure reading and,

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at the same time, contain some of the most valuable history in the book. General Eisenhower's utilitarian conduct during the Darlan incident, as reported by Captain Butcher, appears very difficult to dispute.

Captain Butcher's narrative is generously weighted all along the line with international wartime bric-a-brac, and there is considerable information on that relatively new dimension in history known as public relations. The Captain and General Eisenhower are keen students of the public relations facts of life and became very adept at glancing back to see how the war was being relayed to the public through their unanointed ministers of the press and radio. There has been an excellent choice of photographs for the book and a useful monthly summary of the progress of the war in both theaters has been included. The only thing that annoyed me at all was Captain Butcher's occasional tendency toward cuteness, rather surprising in a full grown naval reserve offcer.

The Labor Movement

Lewis the Mad Machiavellian

THE HEADLINES on the coal crisis are growing larger and larger. It appears that John L. Lewis is at last getting the kind of publicity his peculiar system craves. Perhaps now he will get down to business and start bargaining seriously for the unfortunate miners.

At this writing, with the situation still basically unchanged by the two-weeks truce, Lewis has yet to present specific demands. This is something unheard of in the history of major American strikes. It represents a new high in arrogance, a new low in stupidity. All of American labor is suffering heavy body blows to its prestige as Lewis rides headlong to some crazy, self-appointed rendezvous with destiny, disaster or both.

Right now, incredible as it may seem, negotiations are stalled completely over the issue of about two days' pay for overtime in 1945. As was to be expected, the mine operators have been tough, unyielding and most ungenerous in their proposals. And Lewis has played perfectly into their hands by insisting that the United Mine Workers, over whom he is absolute dictator, should have sole control of the health and welfare fund, created by a tonnage royalty, which has become the cornerstone of what few demands he has condescended to define.

This disastrous strike, in which justice and injustice are mixed together like sand and cement in a block of concrete, is a perfect demonstration of the necessity for President Truman's abused and forgotten fact-finding. The policy of drift cannot go on forever, and those liberals who mistakenly support it are, like Lewis, playing into the hands of the enemy. Let's not kid ourselves. Sooner or later the public will find a way, good or bad, to protect itself from the mad Machiavellians of both capital and labor.

Debs Must Be Interested

The ghost of Eugene Debs must be mighty interested in the present upsurge of militancy among railroad labor unions. Back in the not-so-gay 90's, instead of twenty, there was but one fold and one shepherd. The shepherd was Debs, perhaps the purest and most beloved of all American labor leaders, and the fold was the American Railway Union, a great industrial organization of all railroad workers that rose and fell in a few brief years from nothing to everything and back again.

It was the Pullman strike of 1894 that made and broke the ARU. It also made and nearly broke Debs. After that railroad labor split up into the famous independent Brotherhoods—the engineers, the conductors, the firemen, the trainmen, the switchmen. And then among the non-operating force—shopmen, yardmen, clerks, telegraphers, etc.—there were all of 15 unions, mostly AFL.

The thing that kept the Brotherhoods alive was insurance. Insurance, no more, no less. After Debs's exalted dream had died in the ashes of the Pullman strike, railroad labor went down to rock bottom. Insurance companies refused to take the risk on a locomotive engineer, for train trips were far riskier affairs then than now. So the engineers formed their own insurance company and called it the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. So with the others.

It was therefore only natural that railroad labor leaders should become quite conservative—intelligently conservative, but still, quite conservative. You didn't trust your insurance money to a firebrand, a flaming torch like Debs, even if as time went on the insurance companies came to act more and more like unions and even went so far as to pull a few strikes.

In our own day the Brotherhoods have slipped. The Railway Labor Act of 1926 (strengthened in '33 and '34) has sometimes been praised, notably by Senator Ball and friends, as a model for the solution of all labor trouble, but it seems significant that since its passage railroad wages have dropped from among the highest of all organized labor to a point way down on the list. It seems that the combination of their leaders' conservatism (A. F. Whitney of the trainmen is an exception) plus the endless negotiation and mediation demanded by the Act have usually left the railroad workers holding an empty bag. The Act did not outlaw the right to strike. It simply smothered it in a mound of redtape.

As a result railroad labor has been drifting off here and there into the CIO and District 50 of Lewis's miners.

And the recent award of 16 cents, as compared with the CIO's 18½ cents, hasn't helped things at all. Nor has the operators' strange policy of laying off large numbers of men in spite of continued rush business. Railroad labor, in short, is fighting mad, and it is in the light of that fighting madness that Whitney and Johnston of the engineers (some 280,000 men in all) announced their determination to strike on May 18. The other brotherhoods and the 15 shop unions (about 1,250,000) will probably not be far behind them.

Out of Order

There is a union convention in Akron going on now, and at this convention a man will doubtless be nominated for re-election to one of the vice-presidencies. It is devoutly to be wished that he will not be re-elected.

The man is Jerome N. Kaplan, manager of Local 1102 of the United Retail Wholesale and Department Store Employees, a right-wing CIO union that deserves to have better vice-presidents. As a labor leader Kaplan has naturally defended OPA. But as a landlord he was recently exposed as a most shameless violator of OPA rent ceilings. It seems that he and his wife have been subletting an apartment to the actor Ralph Bellamy for about twice its proper value. Let's not nose around and

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inquire why Brother Kaplan should have such an expensive digs to begin with. They say his wife has money. But let's by all means inquire why a flagrant black marketer should be tolerated for five minutes as officer of a self-respecting trade union.

JOHN C. CORT.

More Books of the Week

The Time of Our Lives. Martine Rouchaud. Pantheon. $3.00.

THIS is not a diary because in 1944 at the age of fourteen Martine Rouchaud started to remember and set down on paper—because her mother told her to—all that had happened to her and to her sisters and to her family since 1940. She is a little French girl, or at least she was a little girl when in 1940 she was ten, and even when she was fourteen in 1944, but now in 1946 in her picture on the jacket she has her hair up, she has won a prize for this book of hers, she probably is writing a novel and she is a young lady now, very French and handsome. In 1940 she was living in Paris and then the war went sour and her family took her a little way from Paris to get out of the way of the Germans, but a little way was not enough and so the family took the toy train from Toulon to La Foux and lived in a house near St. Tropez so that not a few Americans will remember what kind of country she lived in and the trouble people have with gardeners there and how proud everyone is not to be living in the seaside resorts but in the Provençal country near a village on top of a hill with the square church tower against the bare rising hills in a house surrounded by olive trees. Martine had a governess who went in for rhythmic dancing, the gardener got drunk and murdered a goat, the dismissed caretaker set fire to the parched summer grass hoping that the Parisians would be burned out of the house; she had a shepherdess who lost her sheep and who did not care, she had a sister, adopted sisters, cousins and visiting children, and no matter what was happening anywhere else in the world there is this family which she describes and it is fascinating to read about.

Under the circumstances it is natural that the family should be thinking mostly about food. The family travels from Provence to Auvergne to bring back food; the children rush all over the place on bicycles to bring back food; in Lyons there is a wonderful day when huge quantities of food packages arrive from the United States. The family is a favored family of well-to-do intellectuals and so for the children the search for food is something of a game because it never mattered how much anyone had to pay for anything that could be found; the family migrates for food as birds for the seasons; naturally Martine says we had "The Time of Our Lives."

The war, the more extreme miseries, the politics of the war do not touch Martine, yet I do not know of any document from France which shows more naturally, which takes for granted as casually the fact that the French never imagined that they would not, one day, be rid of the Germans. This family, and I think it is typical of the French people in spite of its being so obviously a privileged family, kept its ways, its spirit, its unconscious independence. It was not morally submerged by the French defeat; it was not interested even vaguely in the German conqueror. Martine does not seem to have followed the details of the war; she is excited about the

A Pleasant Dilemma

Publishing in these days is apt to be a bit hectic, what with the paper shortage and some bad bottlenecks at the printers and binders. A perfect example is the job we have had in keeping WARTIME MISSION IN SPAIN in stock so that we could supply the many bookshops which are clamoring for it.

Fortunately, this is not the case with a new and lovely little book which is an extraordinary piece of spiritual writing and about which we are very pleased: WHOM THOU SEEKEST. We do have it in stock, and have been advertising it. And the reviews have been very good!

We think that in time it will rank with the well-known pieces of mystical literature. It has much in common with the writings of St. Theresa of Avila and St. John of the Cross, but it is personal and modern. In advertising it in the public press we did not stress the fact that it has imprimatur, or that it is largely for Catholics, as we felt that it might command a larger public and fulfill the wide need for spiritual reading.

For your interest, we do want to call your attention to the imprimatur because we are very anxious for copies of WHOM THOU SEEKEST to get into the hands of those who need what it has to offer as a source of spiritual refreshment.

WHOM THOU SEEKEST, Anonymous. $2.00

While we are on the subject, we have just published a book of poetry by Sister Maura called INITIATE THE HEART. You may remember her because of:

"He was dismayed
finding the nimble notes delayed,
He did not know
how deftly deep
the thoughts reap,
nor with what bright aching eyes
he would after watch
the sharp cleave
of pheasants through the skies."

from When Silence Comes, which first appeared in this magazine. It too will be advertised in the general press and it has an imprimatur.

INITIATE THE HEART, by Sister Maura. $1.75

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war only when the time comes for the British and the Americans to arrive. At no time is there any mention of the Russians. And this also seems natural to me and typical of the French people—closed in their own land, closed in their own hopes, attending only to the immediate business of keeping alive.

The heroes of the Resistance were fine, of course, but they had to have these children who played and who managed to keep strong, these peasants who kept on making cheese, this child who learned to play the guitar, these trains that kept on running, this gardener who kept on getting drunk, these friends who came for the holidays with the singing in the evening and the children sent to bed when the songs were not for children; the heroes had to have these French people who kept on living as they always had lived, and the traitors had to have them too—because otherwise what France would there have been to betray or to save?

Martine was heroic when she had to be. She was in a train outside Paris when the bombers came; the train stopped; she stayed in it quietly reading while most of the travelers ran along the tracks in panic. She also was generous, witty and tactful. When a Jewish friend of the family, pursued, depressed and homeless, came to visit them in the country he telephoned before coming to ask whether they still desired to see him. He need not have worried about the Rouchaud family. After dinner, Martine notes: "We started laughing and teasing him just as we always did before he was a Jew."

The translating job was an impossible one even for such excellent professionals as Claire Nicolas and Louise Varèse. French children's slang, for which they are constantly being reprimanded, peasant talk, fighting talk and curse words provide no satisfactory English equivalents. As a result there are strange moments in which the French scene is greatly disturbed, painfully so to me, by an incursion of goddams and American slang. The illustrations by Ludmilla Alexeieff are charmingly French.

C. G. PAULDING.

The Member of the Wedding. Carson McCullers. Houghton. $2.50.

MY EARLY impression, some years ago, of Carson McCullers was that she was born between the pages of Kraft-Ebbing and remained there for many years. But at no time was there any doubt either about her gifts or her integrity as a writer. This book does nothing to lessen the feeling that her gifts are limited—as Virginia Woolf's were limited, or Glenway Wescott's.

I do not mention these writers casually, or because I am unfamiliar with others. Like them both, Mrs. McCullers, though operating in a narrow field, ploughs deep furrows. Like them both, if I may pursue the metaphor, she engages in what Southerners used to call intensive cultivation. The trick about intensive cultivation—as the South discovered by the time Calhoun was putting it in constitutional rather than in economic language—is that the earth runs sterile. Such, surely, was the fate of Mrs. Woolf, and of Mr. Wescott. Up to the moment Mrs. McCullers has not thus been cursed. She does not, of course, write the kind of gleaming, perfect prose Miss Woolf was capable of. But hers is beautifully fitted to her purposes, and that, I suppose, is what good writing means.

Here she deals with four days in the life of that incomprehension in life—a girl who has not ceased to be a girl, and who, yet, has put on womanhood. Many years ago I read a story, by Dorothy Parker, I think, about a woman who was waiting for a phone call. It was as simple and as agonizing as that. But Milton was wrong. Nothing comes to her who waits save the illogical extension of waiting, the disturbance, the dissolution of spirit, the almost tactile emptiness, the unutterable loneliness, the infinite discipline, the infinite impatience, the infinite despair. What reminded me of this is what it must mean for a little girl to be in two worlds—one of childhood, one of womanhood; to be unsure in both, alien in either; with no words that can embody feeling; wholly silent, wholly loquacious, wholly incommunicable. My private guess is that, in this period, a child's life must be a standing temptation to suicide. And that what saves these pitiable beings for life is not their parents, Lord knows, but the tender and compassionate heart of God.

Man is born and lives and dies utterly alone. The price of original sin must be the lack of power, for a single second, to surrender wholly in word or love to another human being; or to receive his words with comprehension, or his love with pity and with wonder. But men from Donne to Maugham have learned, a little, to ease this knowledge and this ache. Of this the child-woman is immediately deprived.

All this, of course, I have been saying and not Carson McCullers. For this is a good piece of writing in the sense that it starts ideas, germinates recollections, prompts beliefs, urges thought. But that Mrs. McCullers is writing about the central fact of life—the problem of human loneliness—is as overt as this hinting writer ever makes anything overt. At the very outset the young girl, Frankie Addams, is seen as an "unjoined" person; one of whose chief wonders is what makes people unjoined, why they are single and alone; why they have no sense, no permanent sense, of we-ness. But each lonely person looks at groups and thinks the groups unlonely, at couples and thinks the couples joined. Part of the tragic in it resides in ignorance, part of it in false belief. Frankie asks:

> But what is it all about? People loose and at the same time caught. Caught and loose. All these people and you don't know what joins them up. There's bound to be some sort of reason and connection. Yet somehow I can't seem to name it. I don't know.

It is very difficult to convey the sense of skill with which this so-called "novella" is written. For most of it is conveyed through strange conversations which take place among three people in a kind of weird kitchen. The things that happen are evoked verbally rather than seen. A good deal of it is presented in the form of verbal wisdom on the part of an older woman. Much of it is the resistance, naturally, of Frankie to this wisdom. But the issue of it is the distorted idea in the young girl's mind that unity and intimacy can be won by her sharing of life, romantically and globally, with a married couple.

The tremendous feeling of the world lost, and meaning lost; of life recovered and meaning recovered; the merciful power of the young to forget, and thus be healed of fractures, is one of the realest things about this fine book. Whether it is worth it or not is often a dubious proposition—but we do become part of society, adolescence stripped away, and the bitterness of your loneliness is the recognition of kinship as a fact of life, even if it be, for some, an unfulfilled one.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

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America is in the Heart. Carlos Bulosan. Harcourt. $3.

IN A dedication, Carlos Bulosan offers this book as "the testament of one who longed to become part of America." It is a long time since America received so much of a man's life and merited so little of it. The author was born in the Philippines and lived there until he was thirteen. He came here seeking what he had dreamed as a learning hungry boy in Pangasinan. That ideal America he found bitterly hard to find but he found it and in the strangest places.

The first part of the book which recalls his childhood is the best. Here is poetry, emotion recollected in tranquillity, in language memorable and pathetic. The roots of his life are in the hills of home; and the land, the people are good. His father and mother were the poorest of the poor, yet they made a "home" so good that every hunger but the hunger for bread was satisfied. More than good writing are the pictures of that house in Binalonan: the mother's aching hunger for beauty, the children's affection for each other and for learning and the way the silent man who was their father loved his land and every growing thing. In this life, Carlos Bulosan is rooted deeply, out of it he drew the strength to survive in the west coast hell he found in the vestibule of America.

The second part of the book is a terrible record of the kind of democracy that many good people in Alaska and California, Washington and Oregon think to be good enough for the strangers who "don't speak their language" but who do their dirty work dirt cheap. We have read it all before from novelists who embittered themselves crying about it. We read it in this book—raw, degrading, disgusting. But the man who writes now lived the sentence word by word. Logically he should have hated America. By a great faith in us he found us and was enobled.

America owes much to Bulosan because he has such a great love of her and because he is most literate in that love. Better than anyone else, men like this man know that the soul of America is sound, that America is democracy, that the spirit is more than the meat, that this land of ours is the heart's home of freedom.

Often in the book we hear the sound of church bells. Bulosan liked them. It is a pity that this poet and patriot, this far off follower of Saint Francis of Assisi, seems to know the Church of the Philippines only through the sound of her bells. JOHN MONAGHAN.

Creative Love. C. C. Martindale. Sheed. $1.00.

CONFIDENCE in God's love for man permeates the six readings for Holy Week by the noted British author recently returned from five years' internment in Denmark.

CONTRIBUTORS

Rev. George H. DUNNE, S.J., now teaches at Loyola University, Los Angeles, Cal.

Christopher MORLEY is working on a new edition of Bartlett.

Claire Huchet BISHOP has just returned from France; she is the author of numerous magazine articles and children's books.

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Next Week

NIEMOELLER AND POST-WAR GERMANY, by H. A. Reinhold, is an eloquent exposé of the theory of "the two Germanies." "In the last analysis a complete self-purge of Germany is the only way out. . . . Neither Wilhelm Pieck nor Reinhold Wulle nor the Center Party and its tired old party horses nor the socialists are fit for this task. Somebody should talk plain old German to the Germans. And feed them . . ."

TWO GI's, by Joe Dever, is a double character sketch of considerable charm. "Acting Master Sergeant" Calvin Dryden went through the war as the lowliest of buck privates —a genuine "Sad Sack" whose soldierly shortcomings indicated solid virtues. "White Banners" McGinity was a chaplain's assistant who was always doing good turns and blushing when they were discovered.

WATT IN WONDERLAND, by Francis Downing, takes to task one of the leaders of the AFL, Robert J. Watt, specifically his recent remarks before the United States Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Downing is amazed that a prominent and well-informed American labor leader could blame many of the recent strikes on Communists or seek to restrain labor unions from the political activity needed to make the gains for their rank-and-file real gains.

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